

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

PER WEEK SIX CENTS.
SINGLE NUMBER ONE CENT.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 24, 1881.

Vol. 1. No. 3.

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	8:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:50 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cincinnati.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	9:00 a. m.	4:45 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:50 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates.

For rates on household goods and Western tickets address
CHAS. H. HASLETT,
Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky.
JAMES C. ERNST,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.

Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:	
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.	
8:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.	
3:25 p. m. Lexington.	
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.	

Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:	
6:23 a. m.	4:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m.	7:37 p. m.

Regular Cincinnati, Maysville & Portsmouth Packet.

BONANZA..... E. B. MOORE, Commander.
D. W. YOUNG, and C. WALKER..... Clerks.
Leaves Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock, m.

Leaves Portsmouth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Stopping at Maysville either way between the hours of 6 and 7 p. m. Freight received at all hours on the wharf boat. ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Maysville, all Mail and Way Landings. CITY OF PORTSMOUTH.

E. S. MORGAN, Master. FRANK BRYSON, Clerk.
Leaves Cincinnati Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Leaves Maysville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves wharf foot of Broadway. For freight or passage apply on board, or to ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Vanceburg, Maysville and Cincinnati Tri-Weekly Packet.

W. P. THOMPSON..... H. L. REDDEN, Capt.
MOSS TAYLOR, Purser.
H. REDDEN and A. O. MORSE, Clerks.
Leaves Vanceburg Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Leaves Cincinnati Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For freight or passage apply on board.

Vanceburg, Rome, Concord, Manchester and Maysville Daily Packet.

HANDY..... BRUCE REDDEN, Capt.
R. L. BRUCE, Clerk.
Leaves Vanceburg daily at 5 o'clock a. m. for Maysville. Leaves Maysville at 2 p. m. Goes to Ripley Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday. Connects at Manchester with stage for West Union. For freight or passage apply on board.

CASH STORE!

NESBITT & McKRELL,

No. 20 SUTTON STREET, - - - Maysville, Ky.

SPLENDID new stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods bought at bottom prices for cash. Lowest prices is our business motto.
Nesbitt & McKrell.

Before the Dictionaries.

Time was in literature when there were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, *viva voce*. The few Sauts, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear, and there was no need for more. By the lip could be solved the mystery coming from the lip, for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near. Intended, this. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts, had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools whence scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped round him to be taught, and each, at some word, at some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant corner-stone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling block hindering him. The treasured manuscript was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll, laid open on a desk, leaved and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and classed into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pore over his manuscript afresh. It might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic poem, homily, holy writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this gloss, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble, and then, henceforth and forever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made magically to disappear. Good. The goodness must be manifest at once. Only there is a fact remaining requiring acute indication. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious Old World scholars thus glossed or explained, the seed was sown of the New World dictionaries, and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading, in this very to-day.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Two Egotists.

Judge R. and Journalist H. are troubled with the disease of egotism, and for the first time, in speaking of each other, brought to my knowledge the fact that the patient is not aware of his own infirmity.

"I like the Judge," said the journalist, "for he is a man of fine attainments; but I must cut him. He cannot get away from himself. His coat-tail is glued to his base."

"I wish," said the jurist, "that H. were less of an egotist. It is dreadful to hear him from morning till night, and all night, talk of himself. It is astonishing he does not see what a bore he makes himself."—*Washington Capital*.

The Public Schools.

It would seem that the worst enemies of our common schools, as a general thing, are the trustees, superintendents and teachers.

Trustees are chosen, usually, because of their lack of education, their ignorance of the wants of parents and guardians, their utter inability to conduct the schools according to the idea and intention of the law, and their reckless disregard of common sense and the public good.

Superintendents, who should be cutting wood or pounding iron, are too often foisted upon the public, and entire too often they conduct themselves in a manner disgraceful to the positions they hold and area dead weight to the public-school system. In other words, and to make it short, there are entirely too many jackasses holding positions as superintendents who cannot write a grammatical sentence or prepare an article fit for publication in a respectable journal. Their sole idea seems to be to cram the pupil with a lot of silly stuff that is worse than no teaching.

In this city our public schools are well-nigh ruined by this policy and practice. In fact, our trustees this year were so heartily ashamed of the "progress" made in the public schools that for a long time they hesitated at holding "commencement" in public.

The only plan to save the public schools is to kick out all incompetents and appoint none but competent, faithful and sensible superintendents and teachers.—*New Albany Public Press*.

Two Queer Stories.

Among the choicest books in his library Mr. Grenville possessed one of two volumes of an excessively rare fifteenth, I think, the Mazarine Bible, printed on vellum and magnificently bound. Of course he was very anxious to get a copy of the missing volume also on vellum, but he hoped against hope. After many years, however, he had the unexpected and almost unexampled good fortune to get not only a copy on vellum, but the identical copy, as shown by the binding, which had been so long separated from the one in his possession. Mr. Grenville, when showing the books to Mr. Amyot and to Samuel Rogers, who was there at the same time, told the history of his good fortune.

Amyot said it was the most remarkable coincidence he had ever heard.

Rogers did not quite agree to this, and proceeded to mention the following, which he thought still more remarkable:

An officer, who was ordered to India, went, on the day before leaving England, to his lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The day being wet, he took a hackney coach, and when he got out, as he was paying the driver, he dropped a shilling. He looked in the mud and slush for it in vain, and so did the coachman. On his return home after some years' service he had again occasion to go to his lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When leaving, he recollected his lost shilling, and, by some unaccountable impulse, began to look for it, when, strange to say, just at the very spot where he had paid the coachman, and on the very edge of the curbstone, he found—

"The shilling!" was the hasty conclusion of my excellent friend.

"Not exactly," said Rogers, "but 12-penny-worth of coppers wrapped up in brown paper!"—*Nineteenth Century*.

THERE are 120 churches in Boston. Of that number the Congregational Trinitarians have 31, the Roman Catholics, 29; the Methodist Episcopal, 28; the Baptists and Congregational Unitarians, each 26, and the Episcopalians 23. There are seven Jewish synagogues.

MOSAICS.

A SHOT that hits is better than a broadside that misses.

THE chains which cramp us most are those that weigh on us least.—*Madame Swetchim*.

O MEMORY! thou sing'st an endless muse Through all the lonely chambers of the heart.

TRAVEL improves superior wine and spoils the poor; it is the same with the brain.

THE only amaranth flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure truth.—*Cowper*.

MANNERS are the hypocrisies of nations; the hypocrisies are more or less perfected.—*Balzac*.

BEWARE the fury of a patient man.—*Dryden*.

THERE lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds.—*Tennyson*.

HEAVEN has refused genius to woman in order to concentrate all the fire in her heart.—*Rivard*.

It is with happiness as with watches—the less complicated the less easily deranged.—*Chaufort*.

TO ACQUIRE a few tongues is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a lifetime.

CALUMNY spreads like an oil spot; we endeavor to cleanse it, but the mark remains.—*Lespinasse*.

WHEN death consents to let us live a long time, it takes successively as hostages all those we have loved.—*Madame Necker*.

A MAN'S idolatry is for an idea; a woman's is for a person. A man suffers for a monarchy; a woman for a King.—*F. W. Robertson*.

WITH the world do not resort to injuries, but only to irony and gayety; injury revolts, while irony makes one reflect and gayety disarms.—*Voltaire*.

Simple Remedies for Emergencies.

Very few young mothers are able to control their nerves so completely as to keep from being startled when confronted with a cut finger with dripping blood and the loud cries which announce a catastrophe. Sometimes she cannot collect her thoughts sufficiently to recall any of the good remedies with which she is acquainted. One way to avoid this is to write out a list of help in trouble, and tack it upon the door of your room, after the manner of hotel regulations.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Get a few cents' worth of resin, pound it until it is fine, and put it in an empty, clean pepper or spice box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut; put a soft cloth around the member and wet with water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand take a cloth and spread dry flour over it and wrap the burned part in it. It is always well to have some simple remedies in the house where you can get them without a moment's loss of time; a little bottle of peppermint in case of colic, chlorate of potash for sore throat, pepsin for indigestion, and a bottle of brandy. Have them arranged so that you can go to them in the dark and reach the right remedy, but be sure you never do it, even if you know they have not been distributed. Always light a lamp or the gas, and make sure you have what you are after. Remember, that pistols are always loaded, and that poison may be placed in place of peppermint.

"I HOPE this is not counterfeit?" said a lover, as he toyed with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way to find out is to ring it!" was the quick reply.